

You murder your wife

and the nasty-minded cops know it. Nonetheless you help with  
search, and drive the boyscouts  
around to put up posters.

Add crying on TV to the sob sister leading you tenderly.

You muse when searching with  
The Rotary Club how this area  
does resemble the one where you left  
her under trash and corrugated tin.

She's never found, but you're tried anyway.

Prosecution stages a bimbo parade.

Your lawyer counters that you're  
not on trial for being a bad  
choirboy, but for murder.

Beyond a reasonable doubt he hammers.  
You grow to love the phrase.

Her parents think you did it,  
but they're snivelers anyway.

At any one time two jurors sleep  
under the weight of the circumstantial evidence.

You smile at the panel or cry, depending on signals from your attorney. Such  
behavior  
itself is against the law.  
Much breaking the law at trials.  
Fortunately curtailed when the rare judge pays attention.

After the verdict you explode  
into shuddering sobs, which  
may even be real. Then you  
hug anyone not repelled.

You tell the cameras your nightmare is over, and that  
everyone is in danger from  
overzealous prosecutors.

Now the police, you sneer,  
can get after the real...

Bimbos have fled, but what the hell, unlimited supply anyway.

Your mother and father are wiped out with the  
attorney fees, but, what the fuck, they're  
ancient anyway.

No good comes from anything like this, you tell  
Lucille, barkeep at The Carousel. She's grateful  
that such a good tipper won't be put to death.